

APPEAL TO THE FRIENDS OF PEACE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The eminent success which attended the Peace Congress at Paris in August last, and the important influence it exerted upon the public sentiment of Europe, have determined the friends of the cause to hold a similar Congress at Frankfurt on the Maine, in Germany, the ensuing August.

The people of Britain and France are entering into this movement with great spirit, and taking measures to secure large Delegations of able and efficient men, to represent them in that Congress; and it is confidently expected that most of the principal nations of Europe will be represented there. As the movement of the objects for which this Congress will be convened, chiefly originated in this country; and as the present state of feeling in this state is decidedly favorable to it, the friends of Peace in Europe look with great solicitude to these shores for encouragement and cooperation; and it seems highly desirable that a numerous and respectable Delegation from the United States should appear in that Congress.

Impressed with these views, and to give them a practical effect, a Committee has been formed composed of an equal delegation from the American Peace Society, and the League of Universal Brotherhood, called "the Peace Congress Committee," a list of which we here submit, on which is devolved the whole charge of the promotion of international arbitration, or a Congress of Nations, which are the chief objects of consideration for the Congress at Frankfurt. This Committee proceeded to their work, first, by issuing an Address to the public, signed by their Chairman and secretaries, which will be extensively circulated in the United States, and to which we refer you for more particular statement of the object and measures of the committee.

It will be obvious to every intelligent man, that a work so extensive as this, requiring such necessary outlays for printing and circulation of papers, expense of travelling agents, &c., cannot be carried on without some pecuniary means; and there are some persons, of the greatest talents and means in this cause, who will readily give their time and exertions, as delegates to the proposed Congress, and who will be a credit to our country there, who cannot command the means for the necessary expenses of their journey. But the Peace Congress Committee have hitherto made no effort to raise money for this object, and are entirely destitute of funds; and it is believed that the heart of every benevolent friend of peace will recoil at the idea, that so noble and philanthropic an object shall be suffered to fail, merely for want of the comparatively small contributions that may be required for its complete fulfillment. When thousands are bestowed by the benevolent for much inferior objects of charity and millions are expended in useless military and demoralizing preparations for war, surely it is not too much to ask, that some hundreds may be spared for an object which will, in a great measure, supersede them all. Economy therefore, as well as humanity, plead for your liberality.

For the purpose of devising the means of raising a fund for this object, the Peace Congress Committee have appointed the undersigned a Committee of finance, and it becomes our first duty to issue this "Appeal" to the generosity of your hearts, and the sincerity of your desires, for universal peace, and us in our arduous work, according to your respective abilities. Any contributions may be remitted to the Treasurer of the Committee, Mr. E. W. Jackson, Boston Mass.; or if forwarded to Thomas Drew Jr., publisher of the Christian Citizen, Worcester, Mr. J. P. Blanchard, Boston, or Lewis Tappan, Esq., New York, they will be forwarded to the Treasurer.

Praying that the God of love may direct your hearts, means and exertions to the universal peace and brotherhood of mankind, and that you may consequently enjoy the title and happiness awarded by Christ to the Peace-makers.

We are respectfully,
AMASA WALKER, } Com.
DANIEL SHARP, } of
J. P. RICHARDSON, } finance
Boston, March, 1850.

PEACE CONGRESS COMMITTEE.
From Am. Peace Society—Charles Sumner Esq., Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D., J. P. Blanchard, Rev. J. D. Bridge Esq., Geo. C. Beckwith, Geo. Merrill Esq.,
From League of U. B.—Hon Amasa Walker, Elihu Burritt, Rev. T. W. Holland, E. W. Jackson, Rev. E. W. Hale, Albert Tollman Esq.

From the Manchester Messenger.
LETTER FROM PROF. WEBSTER'S DAUGHTER.

The following communication from a daughter of Prof. Webster, in reply to a letter addressed her, has been handed us by the gentlemen to whom it was directed with a request for its publication—Without comment we lay it before our readers.

CAMBRIDGE, April 8th, 1850.

DANIEL MARSH, Esq.—Sir—This morning received the very kind letter you addressed to me, and which I hasten to answer, to thank you in the name of my mother, my sister, and myself, for the warm sentiments you entertain respecting my beloved father. You believe him in-

nocent, and you believe what is true, he is the victim of circumstances, a deeply injured man—that he is innocent, we his family know, and nothing on earth will ever take from us this conviction. We have never, from the moment he was snatched from his home, had a shadow of doubt on our minds, and whatever the world may say or do, we shall ever have that feeling to support us. The knowledge of his innocence supported my father during the hours of suffering in the Court room, that it is that gives him and us calmness now amidst the many sources of sorrow that have overwhelmed us.

Far different from what we anticipated, was the result of the trial, for we had been assured throughout the winter that our Father could not be restored to us, and that at the trial, he must receive justice for the many wrongs that had been heaped upon him. But justice did from the Court room, and prejudice took her place.

Yet, hope still lingers with us, for we trust that the public voice will be raised against the gross injustice that has been committed, and will not allow our country to bear such a stigma on her name, such an everlasting stain, as will be that of the sacrifice of one so truly innocent as my father. And if one word from us, Sir, can add a feather's weight to the efforts that are being made, Oh, may we give you the deep assurance of our hearts, that we feel grateful for the interest that you express, and feel, and for what you are doing in our behalf. May God in his infinite mercy, look down upon you, and bless the efforts that are being made, and if it is not his will to bring the truth to light, and to allow this awful mystery to be explained, may he enlighten the minds of those into whose hands the case will pass.

I must again thank you, Sir, for the kind feeling you express towards my dear Father. Nothing that the world can do now, gives us greater consolation, than the knowledge that others believe him innocent. Sympathy has flowed abundantly from many hearts towards him, his family, but how much more prized by us, that sympathy, when expressed for him. That our beloved Father may be restored to us, is the fervent prayer of our hearts, and we wait tremblingly in the hope that those who are now to decide in this case may see the terrible injustice that has been committed, and has inflicted so much suffering on so many.

Believe me, Sir,
Gratefully yours,
HARRIET W. WEBSTER.

LETTER FROM MR. WEBSTER.

We give below the reply of Mr. Webster to the recent letter from Massachusetts, in which a highly respectable body of his constituents expressed their approval of his recent speech upon the great national questions now pending in Congress.

REPLY OF THE HON. DANIEL WEBSTER TO THE BOSTON ADDRESS.

WASHINGTON, April 2, 1850.
To the Hon. Thomas H. Perkins, Hon. Charles Jackson, Rev. Moses Stuart, Rev. Dr. Woods, Hon. William Sturgis, President Sparks, Caleb Loring, Esq., Isaac P. Davis, Esq., William Appleton, Esq., and others, signers of the Letter to me, of the 23rd of March, 1850.

Gentlemen—It would be in vain that I should attempt to express the gratification which I have derived from your letter of the 23rd ultimo. That gratification arises, not only from its manifestation of personal regard and confidence, but, especially, from the evidence which it affords, that my public conduct, in regard to important pending questions, is not altogether disapproved by the people of Massachusetts. Such a letter with such names, assures me, that I have not erred in judgment of the causes of existing discontents, or their proper remedy; and encourages me to persevere in that course which my deepest convictions of duty have led me to adopt. The country needs pacification; it needs the restoration of mutual respect and harmony, between the people in one part of the Union, and those in another. And, in my judgment, there is no sufficient cause for the continuance of the existing alienation between the North and the South. If we will look at things justly and calmly, there are no essential differences, either of interest or opinion, which are irreconcilable, or incapable of adjustment. So far as the question of slavery, or no-slavery, applies to the newly acquired territories, there is, in my judgment, no real and practical point of importance, in dispute. There is not, and there cannot be slavery, as I firmly believe, either in California, New Mexico or Desert. And if this be so, why continue the controversy on a mere abstraction?

The other disturbing questions respect the restoration of fugitive slaves, and slavery in the District of Columbia; and I know no treason, why just and fair measures, all within the undoubted limits and requisitions of the constitution, might not be adopted, which should give, on these subjects, general satisfaction. At any rate we should make the attempt—because, so long as these dissensions continue, they embarrass the government, interrupt the quiet of the people, and alarm their fears; and render it highly improbable, that important acts of legislation, affecting great objects, and in which the whole country is deeply interested, can be accomplished. Indeed, the ordinary operations, essential to the existence of the government, and its daily administration, meet with checks and hindrances, hitherto altogether unprecedented. We must return to our old feelings of comradery and regard—we must refresh ourselves at those pure fountains of mutual esteem, common patriotism and fraternal confidence, whose beneficent and healing waters so copiously overflowed the land through the struggle of the revolution, and in the early years of the government. The day has come, when we should open our ears, and our hearts, to the advice of our great Father of this country. "It is of in-

finite moment," said he, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union, to your collective and individual happiness—that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and unmoveable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it, as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

Notwithstanding what may occasionally appear on the surface, the American mind is deeply imbued with the spirit of this advice. The people, when serious danger threatens, will in my opinion, stand fast by their government. They will suffer no impairing of its foundation—no overthrow of its columns, no disorganization of its structure. The Union and the Constitution are to stand—and what we have to do, is to administer the government, that all men shall be made more and more sensible of its beneficial operations, and its inestimable value.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, with profound regard, your obliged fellow citizen, and obedient humble servant.
DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE HERALD

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1850.

The following remarks copied from the editorial correspondence of the Boston Atlas will give an illustration of the foolishness of Political Partisanship in the superabundance of their adulation of their favorites.

"For one, however, I did not think he would find it desirable or necessary to gloss over his apostasy from his own recent pretensions to some liberality on these questions, by so much and such glaring sophistry and special pleading. It was unworthy of the man and unequal to the occasion," and has lost to Mr. Clay the respect and good will of many who before yesterday had been through life his ardent admirers. It was most sickening and disgusting to see old Ritchie leaning over the railing behind Mr. Clay and drinking in the words as they fell from his mouth, with all the delight of a fiend gloating over the victim of his wiles. It is one the less sickening to see the fulsome adulations and the flattering encomiums which the Union of this morning heaped upon Mr. Clay—the man who for a half a century Ritchie has been reviling. Well may Mr. Clay ask himself—What evil have I done, that this man speaks well of me? If Mr. Clay has one particle of shame left in his composition, he has not wholly given up to his unhallowed and never to be gratified ambition, on would think that the damning commendations of one—

"Whose praise is censure, and whose censure praise," might recall him somewhat to the degradation of his present position—associated with the Footes, the Casses and the Dickenses!

"To what base uses may we come at last!" Mr. Benton acquitted himself very ably yesterday, as did also Mr. Hale, in a short speech which he made in reply to Clay. He stripped off the sophistry and special pleading with which Mr. Clay sought to clothe and cover his weakness, in a brief but admirable manner. But I fear all is vain, so far as the Senate is concerned. LET THE COUNTRY LOOK TO THE HOUSE!

It is not yet too late, if the country is aroused to a sense of its danger. If the House stands firm, the Senate may yet be made to yield, and we may yet be spared the unspeakable mortification and pain of seeing millions of millions of acres of soil given up by Northern votes to slavery forever. Again then I say: LET THE COUNTRY LOOK TO THE HOUSE!

Who, we ask, would one year since, dreamed of such an article as this, emanating from the pen of the Editor of the Boston Atlas? How fallacious then should be the hopes of those who rely upon the lip service and cringing worship of such as seem to think that in order to elevate themselves they have only to fall down and worship at the shrine of some supposed political deity or demigod?

We have often alluded to the rather natural tendency of our whig friends to the matter of "man-worship"—and while we entirely accord with the sentiment expressed in the Atlas condemnatory of the recent action—not only of Mr. Clay but that of Mr. Webster also—the charge cannot be brought against ourselves that we have ever asserted that in either of these gentlemen—or any other man—was to be found the embodiment of Whig principles. Though the one may be the exponent of the Constitution, he can never successfully expound error; with great success among the intelligent freemen of New England—nor can the other, while he has the strongest hold upon the affections of his northern friends divert or mislead them on this present exciting question of Slavery.

We notice that the newspapers in Boston are trying Prof. Webster a second time for the murder of George Parkman. Inasmuch as Judge Shaw has sentenced him to "be hung by the neck till he be dead," we suppose that if he is convicted by the Newspaper press,

the sentence will be modified and the Professor will be hung the heels.

MURDER OF A U. S. OFFICER.—The U. S. sloop-of-war Falmouth, Captain Pettigrew, was at Mazatlan on the 8th of March, to sail on a cruise in a few days. Midshipman Tabb, attached to the F., was murdered whilst on shore, a few evenings previous, in company with some officers from the ship; by whom it could not be discovered. They were returning from a concert and when near the mole, where a boat from the ship was waiting for them, they missed the vessel. On retracing their steps a few yards, they found him lying on the side walk, quite dead. On an examination, his skull was found to be badly fractured, apparently by some blunt weapon. Great excitement prevailed with regard to it, and a correspondence was taking place between Captain P. and the authorities on the subject—the latter pledging themselves to do all in their power to discover the murderer.

We are requested by a lady to publish the following:—

GO-BETWEENS.—There is perhaps not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which I mean that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else would be inert; for three fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship act the part of double traitors.—W. Episcopalian.

On the night of the 23d ult. the house of Mr. Weatherbee, near Peru, Illinois, was burnt, with two of his daughters; another, aged 18 years broke her back by jumping from a window, and a son was severely hurt.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—A company has been formed in Boston, to insure persons against accidents by Railroads or Steamboats, insuring a handsome sum in the event of any bodily injury from accident while on their journey.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The case of Elizabeth Hubbs vs. Carrollton Railroad Company, in which the plaintiff sued for \$10,000 damages, for the killing of her husband by the explosion of the locomotive on the Carrollton Railroad last December, was brought to a conclusion last Saturday evening, by a verdict for the plaintiff for \$8,000. This is, we believe the only case that has ever occurred in this country, where the wife has recovered damages or the loss of her husband.—N. O. Delta, 18th.

We have to ask the indulgence of our readers for the amount of space occupied by our correspondent "Tim Basswood" in to-day's paper. We regard this controversy as alike unprofitable to both writers and readers, but after having publishing the last article of "A Citizen" we felt bound to give "Tim" another hearing. This we believe, by consent of the parties closes the controversy.

A large Bear was exhibited in our streets on Monday last, which was killed in Chittenden the day previous. We believe this is the fifth recently captured in that town, and we understand that the hunters are still in pursuit of more.

Our readers are referred to the advertisement of Mr. Johnson, Daguerrotype operator, to be found in our advertising columns. We have had the pleasure of viewing some superb specimens of his, and we think those wishing good pictures cannot do better than to give him a trial.

To the Editor of the Herald

Sir:—Will you inform me how long a certain building will stand in the highway at the foot of the Hill, on the West Rutland road, a few rods west of our village? I learn that it has been the source of no inconsiderable inconvenience to travellers, and that several accidents have already occurred in consequence of its present locality.

JONATHAN.
In answer to the above we have only to say that with our present board of Select men, we have no doubt the nuisance will be removed before shortly, or a suitable road laid out around it!

JEWELL & PRINCE, No. 2 Milk Street, Boston, present great inducements to purchasers:—Shawls, Silks, Visites, Mantillas, &c., from all parts of the world, are brought to this great mart of trade, and it is every one's privilege to make their selections from the unlimited variety, at low prices.

For the Herald

OH THAT MINE ENEMY WOULD WRITE A BOOK.

In your paper of the 28th ult., a communication over the name of "Citizen," (an imported one I presume) an uninvited volunteer has appeared in behalf of a "Voter" in which the name of Tim Basswood is repeated a great number of times, but in no other respect remarkable, where the writer is known.

He commences a column of rant by calling the name *legisla*, I suppose in contradistinction to *nunish*, John Ballish, &c. But what's in a name? A rose by any other smells as sweet. Let us see; how would his name appear, and what associations would come to the mind, to place it in juxtaposition with one of antiquity—one handed down to us, bearing deep stains of infamy, which the deluge failed to wash out. But mark, though we may discover parallel traits of character in persons of like names, I for one disclaim any design to excite prejudice on that account. Am I answered?

This Hessian subsidiary is amazingly thankful for the liberty of speech, of the press &c. Such pious feeling is worthy of all commendation, and after having read his "piece" in the Herald referred to, I believe no person of common understanding would for a moment doubt that we are in the full and free enjoyment of the longest, broadest and deepest liberty of the press and of speech, and that the shackles which have generally confined them within the bounds of common decency have been cut loose, the floodgates of *billingsgate* burst open, and the entire collection of "fish women" spilt out and lodged in "our free institutions." But notwithstanding the "liberty of speech" and "of the press—our free institutions," and certain bad tendencies for certain causes, they will not, just yet, let "voter," or his conjunct out of a "tight place," without branding them as the propagators of a malicious falsehood. Two weeks have elapsed, and "voter" has not appeared to show the proofs challenged, that the Selectmen "bribe" the money of the town, "in purchasing materials for sidewalks to an extraordinary and unparalleled extent." This volunteer has, like a cowardly rat, "peeping at that white heap yonder," ventured a vague assertion, qualified by an "I lean," in relation to the matter—I can assure him that such a shift in behalf of his principal will not avail him in this case. If any materials for sidewalks have ever been paid for by the town, the proof can be furnished in an hour. I again challenge them.

Spiteful attempts to denigrate character by innuendo or accusation, unsupported by any proofs, are unworthy of any notice, and perhaps should be permitted to rest in that obscurity into which they invariably fall. But our volunteer must not escape so easy terms, especially since he so unceremoniously plunged into the same slough, out of which he so valiantly volunteered to extricate his unknown compeer.

Our volunteer says "Learn that a portion of the materials for sidewalks have been found by the town." How did he learn that? Will he give the proof? He says that I purchased an office of a Locofoco; (how flippantly he speaks of his old friends) that I employed surveyors to survey a road, put on and took it off the record, "undulated" &c. I deny, most emphatically, that I ever purchased an office of any description from any Locofoco or any other person. I never held any office under Polk nor did I ever ask for one under his administration directly or indirectly. The commission I hold, I received from the present eminent and efficient head of the Department, and if I have any Locofoco friends who have recommended me it has not been at my solicitation, or suggestion, and I trust they will not have cause to regret having performed a generous act towards one whom some would call a rabid political opponent. It is not true that I employed surveyors, or that I directed any survey to be recorded except upon terms that were contemptuously refused. I never carried such survey to the Town Clerk's office, nor did I ever take it away, and "the damnable innuendo," (as the venerable Ritchie late the 14th of this volunteer, would say) that I had undulated it, is false and malicious. I have made no professions to editors that I have not well performed.

In reference to the dignified attempt to create a belief that my neighbors of West Rutland dispensed with my services on account of building a certain road, and not building another, I have but a few words to say. It was no doubt an act of great cruelty, especially if the snivelling, snarling, and howling of discharged Locofocos from office, late the friends whom he so ignominiously deserted, is any evidence of the fact, it must be admitted that my friends in West Rutland have case hardened hearts. But how stand the facts in this matter. It was well known to this volunteer, that I had determined not to be a candidate for the office, and the cutting rebuke and cruelty in the case rests in the fact that my

"friends in West Rutland," so very nicely defeated the trick which he, in connection with a small knot of worthies had conceived, the night previous to election. It was observed by my West Rutland friends, that our volunteer and his confidants looked amazingly cheap fallen and resembled "so many roosters under a cart in a rainy day."

His standard of dignity and of a gentleman is altogether beyond the reach of my ambition. It is doubtless well adapted to the *elite* of the aristocracy of some future age of the world, but entirely too refined for the present.

He talks of "stripling's deceit" &c.; the reader will not be slow to discover that this *chap* is no stripling, that there is no juvenility about him, and that he evinces the strongest marks of a veteran—he has seen service in his day that few have experienced, the school in which he studied the arts of duplicity and detraction were of no common order.

The friendly advice which he offers by way of valdatory I will consider when I can find some person skilled in digging it out of chaos, and arranging them so as to be understood.

His attempt at wit may pass for what it is worth.

"Will you please the man, wait off it the fellow. All else is lost leather and a purple cell."

Your readers will have discovered that the production referred to is the effervescence of an overcharged slough of personal malignity of temper—of mean and pitiful spite, and that it evinces a natural proclivity of mind to calumny and slander. They will also recognize through the gossamer covering of "Citizen" a notorious character, who for several years has spewed out the loathsome slime and gall of his culture upon all those who have been so unfortunate as to stand 'twixt the wind and his nobility. No matter how obscure, no matter how pure and worthy of or what vocation, they have been slandered over by this viper through some press in a distant county of like affinity, for which he has been the ready and willing pander, in muddy prose or bungling rhymes, hammered out under a trip-hammer, with no feet but cloven feet, and jangling in rhyme somewhat like the clatter of a nail machine, so well imitated in the following:

"Rattle to bang, clatter to clang,
Rattle to clatter to bang we go;
A few years since he set up for a politician, his stock consisting of a very small amount of political integrity or knowledge, a large sum in impudence, the New York Herald and a dirty seven by nine sheet, published in a neighboring county. Thus equipped and qualified, he offered his services to the old Locofoco party in this town, then consisting of about 100 voters, which by the way, has ever since grown beautifully less, having at the last State election cast but one solitary Locofoco vote for Governor. Being active and expert in all the small arts of intrigue, and low tricks of the party, he soon became a power, and was constantly on duty. He labored long and faithfully in the 'unhallowed' cause of Locofocism. Year after year his discomfiture and defeat followed the most desperate and determined efforts of that party in this town and in the State. At length in common with the leading spirits of the party, despairing of success, he last year came out as a flaming Free Soiler—supported that ticket for State officers, and in the most perfect keeping with demagogic principles voted for Cass, elect'rs. Here again the horse and his rider were thrown.

Blinded by 'unhallowed' zeal and the dazzling splendor of power and place—espousing through a glass darkly a doubtful prospect of success in the service of 'Truth & Deity,' he mounted the Wilmet, Providence, and Gilpin line, dashed headlong into the ranks of that concern where he was soon promoted to the post of chairman of County Committee. For some weeks subsequent to the election last September, he was invisible, and it was reported that he had fled to the top of Pico, and there hid himself in a cave with an old friend of his, called the old man of the Mountain. The complete overthrow of the faction may account for his disappearance at that time.

It may be matter of curiosity to your readers to know what country produced a character who has figured so largely with so little notoriety. I am informed that he is an imported patriot of the Bull family. He does not descend from the sulky, round headed, broad shouldered, pot bellied, landy and gouty legal branch of the Sir John's; I believe he traces his pedigree back to the Snapping Turtle branch of that august family.

In conclusion, I hope to be excused by your readers for intruding upon them a communication of so much length of so small public importance. I would also apologize to you for an allusion to the press. The circumstances under which a "Citizen" was allowed a place in your paper, fully exonerate you from any unfavorable imputations.

TIM BASSWOOD.
West Rutland, April, 1850.
The preceding was prepared for your paper of last week, but at your suggestion

I concluded that it might lay over that paper I find that the snout faces again in operation, but the article produced, evidently is adulterated, tame and spiritless.

Reader, it was a charge to burst a peemaker, and partaking largely of a disposition, kicked the owner into a hole resembling a summer squash under a cart wheel, or a top pet run by the truck of a locomotive.

But to be a little serious this time of our imported patriot, shows some symptoms of a volcanic fire expiring want of wind. He should wait for the perfect barrenness of intellect in space—a foolish vein runs through the vein of it, exhibiting the most unbecoming evidence of a man, having long adhered to the respect of his fellow men.

The attempt to shield himself from odium of certain infamous publications which disgraced the columns of a newspaper in a neighboring county, two years since, over the signature of a "Basswood Man," but by the mask of a deceased gentleman, is of a character so variant that conclusion. And in the name of the gentleman to whom he alludes, I reason to complain of any one who attempts this base attempt; and for so long led the feelings of the living and the cry of the dead by rhymes in support of a mistake in the identity of a liver if that will help his cause, allusion to Pico I know nothing of, never having read anything of the kind.

Editor Barber may be dead in fact, and this is the only avowal having to support of even circumstantial evidence support it. The editor has been dead all other politics, and I don't see why should not be on file. But the editor gentleman entitled to respect and I presume will not think this *imported* piece for dragging his name into the snare with himself.

I too have a little *hitorette* which is cords an event, that will tickle both of our patriot.

"Let the galled jade wince, my withers be wrong."

I trust your readers will consider it no sin to put into the mouth of our volunteer the following apostrophe from a friend of mine.

"Slave, I have set my life upon a cat. And I will stand the hazard of the die. I think there are six Rhinoceroses in the sky. I have a plan to lay, instead of dice, A horse's a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Any person disposed to refer to the death of a "voter" in the Union Whigson web back will readily see that this comports if such it may be called, was not such by me. His vile attack made upon me through your columns, I have deemed it proper to reply, fearing that the claims who has had so much of my attention might have complained of a want of common civility. All he has said or can or will never disturb me, and I will prove him that he shall be paid down a coin less than his own. He shall hereafter escape the just retaliation, and has been so long witheld and withheld, have been visited upon family and friends, and more abused victims of his malice. **TIM BASSWOOD.**

W. Rutland, April 1850.

NEW POSTAL ENTERPRISE.—Communication with California in twelve days. We learn by private and reliable information from Washington, that a proposition will be laid in a few days, before the Senate, emanating from a count of the highest respectability, for a route of Post Coaches from Indianapolis, Mo., to California, in 24 days, to be pressed in 12 days. The company of 100 Congress a strip of land of hundred feet in width for the whole distance, with the privilege of purchasing from Government a quarter section of land, for the purpose of stations, every twenty miles. The company also Government the use of this route for twelve years, and agree to make themselves and grants of land contingent upon their having the road in operation within six months, and undertake to place *thousand men* upon the line at once.

LOST PEARLS.—On the blade of the pocket knife taken from Prof. Webster are two mottoes on one side—*Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you*; on the other side—*Five an opportunity offers itself to do a good act, never fail to improve it.* Has not bright hopes have been crushed by the simple violation of that "golden rule" which instead of gleaming from the last steel blade, should have been engraven upon the heart of its owner.

SUPPOSED MURDERERS.—Wm. H. Calhoun and Lorenzo Cobb have been arrested in New York, and brought to Conn., as the murderers of old Mr. White, the tell keeper in Colebrook. Money was found on them such as the murdered man possessed.

DEAD BODY FOUND.—The body of a female was found in the Connecticut river at Bellows Falls, on the 21st inst. She had on a red calico dress, and from the general appearance had been in the water for several weeks, and was apparently about 70 years of age.